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MADAME LOUISE.

BY MRS CROWE.

LOUIS XV. of France had, by his marriage with Maria Leczinska, daughter of Stanislaus, king of Poland, two sons and several daughters. These ladies were the aunts of Louis XVI., of whom we frequently find mention made in the history of that unfortunate monarch.

Madame Louise, the heroine of our story, was one of the youngest, and was also the one that took most after her mother in character. Maria Leczinska was a pious, amiable, tender-hearted woman, and Louise resembled her in these characteristics; whilst the sort of education she received, being brought up in the Abbey of Fontevault, tended very much to increase the seriousness of her natural disposition; so that, after she lost her mother, though she continued to reside with her father at Versailles, or Paris, or wherever he might be, and so lived in the court, she was not of it, nor ever imbibed a taste for its splendours or amusements, and still less for its dissipations and vices. Notwithstanding all her virtue and piety, however, Louise was a woman still, and a woman with a tender, loving heart; and in a court where there were so many gay and accomplished cavaliers, it must have been next to impossible for that loving heart to remain untouched. But poor Louise had one safeguard against love, which, pure and pious as she was, she would willingly have dispensed with—she was deformed. With a lovely and bewitching face, and eyes of inconceivable beauty, her figure was quite distorted, from the consequences of an unfortunate fall in her infancy. Without meaning to derogate from her merit, it is extremely possible that this misfortune may have considerably influenced her character, and led her to seek in Heaven those consolations of the heart that she despaired of enjoying on earth.

Of course each of the princesses had a regular suite of servants, and of ladies and gentlemen in waiting; and amongst these, each had also an écuyer and a lady of honour, who were in immediate and constant attendance on their persons. The office of the écuyer was one which placed him in a peculiar situation as regarded his mistress: he placed her chair, opened the door for her, handed her up and down stairs, and accompanied her in her drives and walks, and, in short, wherever she went; so that, were it not for the respect due to royalty, it must have been difficult for a susceptible young man, or a susceptible man of any age, to be in this hourly attendance on a charming princess and retain his heart entire. The deformity of poor Madame Louise, as well as her piety, however, were perhaps thought sufficient defences against any dangers of this description, as regarded either party; for without some such confidence, it would seem a great oversight on the part of the king to have placed in this necessarily intimate relation with

her one of the most fascinating men about the court; for such, by universal admission, was the young Vicomte Anatole de Saint-Phale, who was appointed écuyer to the princess upon the marriage, and consequent resignation, of the Baron de Brignolles.

At the time of his appointment, Saint-Phale was not much more than twenty years of age, the son of a duke, handsome, accomplished, eminently agreeable, and with a name already distinguished in arms. He had himself solicited the appointment, and it had been granted to his own wishes, and the influence of his father, without demur; Madame Louise, when the thing was mentioned to her, making no objection. Indeed she had none. The vicomte was but little known to her; for, avoiding the court festivities as much as her father would permit, and when she did attend them, appearing there rather as a spectator than a partaker—beyond the general characters and the personal appearance of the gay cavaliers of the court, she knew nothing of them. She had always heard Saint-Phale's name coupled with the most flattering epithets; she had also heard that he was brave, generous, honourable, and extravagantly beloved by his father and mother; and her own eyes had informed her that he was extremely handsome. To the latter quality she was indifferent; and the others well fitting him for his office about her person, she signed his appointment without hesitation, little dreaming at the moment that she was also signing the flat of her own destiny. In due time the Baron de Brignolles took his leave, and the vicomte entered on his duties; and it soon appeared evident to everybody that he had not sued for the situation without a motive. The princess's lady of honour was the Comtesse de Châteaugrand, Anatole's cousin; and with her he was, to all appearance, desperately smitten. He wore her colours, as was the fashion of the gallant world at that period, paid her the most public attentions, and seemed determined not only to be violently in love, but that all the world should know it.

There was, however, nothing very surprising in this. The Comtesse de Châteaugrand was a widow with a considerable fortune, and though nearly ten years older than Anatole, she was still extremely handsome; added to which, she was very amiable, much esteemed by her mistress, and she and the young vicomte had always been on the most friendly terms. His passion, therefore, as we have said, excited no surprise in anybody; but whether the lady returned it, was altogether another affair, and was indeed a question that created considerable discussion amongst the curious in these matters.

'But she looks so happy—so calm!' said the young Duchesse de Lange.

'And why not, when she has every reason to be so?' answered the Comtesse de Guiche. 'Are not his attentions unremitting? What can she desire more?'

'Ah, true,' replied the other; 'happy if you will, but calm!'

'Well, and why not calm?' repeated Madame de Guiche.

'Ah, one is never calm when one loves!' returned the duchesse, with a little air of affectation.

'That is so like you!' returned the comtesse laughing. 'You are so sentimental, my dear—a real heroine of romance. I maintain that Madame de Châteaugrand is perfectly content, and that she intends in due time to reward his devotion with her hand. I am sure he deserves it. Except waiting on the princess, he never does anything in the world but attend to her caprices; and I do believe she often affects to be whimsical, for the sake of giving him occupation.'

'He certainly does not seem to recollect that there is another woman in the world besides the princess and his cousin,' said the duchesse with some little spite.

Many a conversation of this nature was held almost within hearing of one of the parties concerned—namely, the vicomte—and many a jest, besides, amongst his own companions, rendered it quite impossible that he should be ignorant of the observations made upon him and Madame de Châteaugrand; but he never showed himself disposed to resent this sort of interference, nor did it cause him to make the slightest attempt at concealing his attachment: whilst the comtesse herself, though she could not be more ignorant than he of the court gossip, appeared equally indifferent to it. The consequence was, as is usual in similar cases, that the gossip nobody seemed to care for, and which annoyed nobody, became less interesting; and gradually the *grande passion* of the Vicomte Anatole for his cousin being admitted as an established fact, whilst it was concluded, from the calmness of the lady's demeanour, that she had accepted his proposals, and that they were to be married some day, people began to think little about them; and except a hint now and then, that in all probability the true interpretation of the mystery was, that they were privately married already, very little was said.

But now there arose another bit of court gossip. 'Observe, my dear,' said the Duchesse de Lange to her friend the comtesse, 'how fast Madame de Châteaugrand is declining in the princess's favour!'

'I am perfectly confounded at it,' returned Madame de Guiche; 'for certainly her attachment to Madame Louise is very great; in short, it is devotion; and the princess herself has always, till lately, appeared to set the greatest value on it. How is it that she, who never in her life showed the slightest tendency to caprice, should begin with such an injustice towards her most faithful friend?'

'It is inconceivable!' replied the duchesse. 'But what do you think the Duc d'Artois says about it?'

'Oh, the wicked man!' returned the Comtesse de Guiche laughing; 'but what does he say?'

'He says it is the attachment between her and Saint-Phale that offends the princess: that she is so rigid, that she can neither be in love herself, nor allow anybody else to be so; and that he has seen her turn quite pale with horror at the sight of the vicomte's attentions.'

'Be in love herself—certainly not,' said Madame de Guiche; 'besides, to what purpose, poor thing, with her unfortunate figure? But I think she is much too kind-hearted to endeavour to cross the loves of other people. However, certain it is, that she is not so fond of Madame de Châteaugrand as she was.'

And so, to her great grief, thought Madame de Châteaugrand herself. Louise, the gentle, the kind, the considerate, was now often peevish, impatient, and irritable; and what rendered the change infinitely more afflicting to the comtesse was, that all these ill-humours seemed to be reserved solely for her—to every one else the princess was as gentle and forbearing as before. So she was even to her at times still; for there were moments when she appeared to be seized with remorse for her injustice, and on these occasions she would do everything in her power to make amends

for it; but as these intervals did not prevent an immediate recurrence of the evil, poor Madame de Châteaugrand began to think very seriously of resigning her situation, and so she told the vicomte.

'If you do, my dear Hortense,' answered he, turning as pale as if she had pronounced his sentence of death—'if you do, I am undone!'

'Why?' said the comtesse. 'You need not resign because I do.'

'I should not dare to remain,' answered he. 'Besides, it would be impossible—I know it would! I have always told you so. But for you I never could have undertaken the situation, as you well know: I should have been discovered.'

'But my dear Anatole, you can hardly expect me to remain here to be miserable; and I really am so,' returned Madame de Châteaugrand. 'It is not that I would not bear with her humours and caprices; I love her well enough to bear with a great deal more; but to lose her friendship, her affection, her confidence, breaks my heart.'

'She must be ill,' said the vicomte. 'Some secret malady is preying on her, I am certain. Do you observe how her cheek flushes at times, and how her hand trembles? To-day, when I handed her a glass of water, I thought she would have let it fall.'

'It may be so,' returned Madame de Châteaugrand. 'Certain it is, that she does not sleep as she used to do—in short, I believe she is often up half the night walking about her room.'

'I think his majesty should be informed of it,' said the vicomte, 'that he might send her his physician.'

'I think so too,' answered the lady; 'but when I named it to her the other day, she was very angry, and forbade me to make any remarks on her; and, above all, enjoined me not to trouble her father with such nonsense.'

'I am afraid her religious austerities injure her health,' said Anatole.

'Apropos,' returned the comtesse; 'she desired me to tell you that she goes to St Denis to-morrow immediately after breakfast, and that no one is to accompany her but you and me.'

St Denis, as is well known, is the burying-place of the royal family of France, and there, consequently, reposed the remains of Maria Leczinska, the princess's mother; and it was to her tomb that Madame Louise first proceeded alone, whilst her two attendants remained without. A long hour they waited for her; and Saint-Phale was beginning to get so alarmed at her absence, that he was just about to violate her commands by opening the gate of the sanctuary, when she came out pale and exhausted, and with evident traces of tears on her cheeks. She then entered the precincts of the convent, requesting to be conducted to the parlour. Even in a convent of holy nuns, who have abjured the world and its temptations, the *prestige* of royalty is not without its effect; and on this occasion the prioress came forth to meet the princess, whilst the sisters rushed to the corridors to get a peep at her, with as mundane a curiosity as the mob runs after a royal carriage in the streets of Paris or London. Louise looked at them benevolently; and with tears in her eyes, and a sad smile, told them how much happier they were than those who lived amongst the intrigues and turmoils of a court. 'Ah, my sisters,' she said, 'how happy you should be! What repose of spirit you may attain to in this holy asylum!'

Alas! could she have looked into some of those hearts, what a different tale they would have told her! But when we are very miserable ourselves, that situation which presents the greatest contrast to our own is apt to appear the one most desirable.

'There is amongst you, my sisters—that is, if she be still alive—a princess, at whose profession I was present when a child, with my mother,' said Madame Louise. 'Is the friend of Maria Leczinska here?'

'I am here,' answered a sweet low voice.

'Clotilde de Mortemart?' said the princess inquiringly, looking in the direction of the voice.

'Formerly,' answered the nun; 'now Sœur Marie du Sacré Cœur.'

'I would speak with you,' said Madame Louise, taking her by the hand; 'lead me to your cell.'

Accordingly, whilst all the others retired, Sister Marie conducted her royal visitor to her little apartment.

'That stool is too inconvenient for your highness,' said she, as the princess seated herself. 'I will ask the prioress for a chair.'

'By no means; it is what I wish,' said Madame Louise. 'Sit down opposite me—I want to talk to you. Nay, nay, sit!' she added, observing the hesitation of the nun. 'Sit, in the name of Heaven! What am I, that you should stand before me? Would to God I was as you are!'

'How, madame!' said the sister, looking surprised. 'Are you not happy?'

'Friend of my mother, pity me!' exclaimed the princess, as she threw herself into the nun's arms with a burst of passionate tears—for they were the first open demonstration of a long-suppressed grief. 'Tell me,' she continued after an interval as she raised her tearful face—'tell me, are you really happy?'

'Yes,' replied Sister Marie, 'very happy now.'

'Would you go back again to the world; would you change, if you could?'

'No, never!' answered the nun.

'I remember your taking the veil,' said Madame Louise, after an interval of silence; 'and you will remember me, probably, as a child at that time?'

'Oh yes; well, quite well, I remember you,' replied the nun. 'Who could forget you that had once seen you?'

'I was pretty, I believe, as a child,' said Louise.

'Beautiful! angelic! as you are now my princess!' exclaimed Sister Marie, surprised for a moment, by her enthusiasm and admiration, out of her nunlike demeanor.

'As I am now?' said Louise, fixing her eyes on the other's face.

'Pardon me!' said the nun, falling at her feet, fearing that the familiarity had offended; 'it was my heart that spoke!'

'Rise, my sister,' said Louise; 'I am not offended; rise, and look at me!' and she threw aside the cloak which, with its ample hood, had concealed her deformity.

'Jesu Maria!' exclaimed the sister, clasping her hands.

'You are a woman—you were once young yourself, and, as I have heard, beautiful also. Judge, now, if I am happy!'

'But, my princess,' answered the nun, 'why not? Is there no happiness on earth, nay, even in a court, but with beauty? Besides, are you not beautiful? Ay, and a thousand times more so than hundreds that are not!'

'Deformed,' rejoined Louise: 'do not fear to utter the word; I repeat it to myself a hundred times a-day.'

'This amazes me,' said Sister Marie, after a pause, whilst her countenance expressed her surprise as eloquently as words could have done. 'Madame Louise, the fame of whose devotions and self-imposed austerities has reached even our secluded ears, are they but the refuge of a mortified?'

'Vanity,' added the princess, as respect again caused the nun to hesitate. 'Not exactly: I cannot do myself the injustice to admit that altogether, for I was pious before I knew I was deformed. It was my natural disposition to be so; and my mother, foreseeing how much I should need the consolations of religion, cultivated the feeling as long as she lived; and when I was old enough to be aware of my misfortune, I felt what a blessing it was that I had not placed my happiness in what seemed to make the happiness of the women

that surrounded me. But it was not to speak of myself that I came here,' continued Madame Louise, 'but to ask a favour of you. Young as I was when you took the veil, the scene made a great impression upon me; and I well remember my mother's tears as we drove back to Paris after she had bade you farewell. I remember also, when I was older, hearing a motive alleged for your resolution to retire from the world, which, if it would not give you too much pain, I should be glad to learn from your own lips.'

The pale cheek of the nun flushed with a faint red, as she said, 'What would my princess wish to hear?'

'Is it true,' said Madame Louise, 'that it was an unrequited love that brought you to this place?'

'It was,' answered the sister, placing her hand before her eyes.

'Excuse me,' said Madame Louise; 'you will think me cruel to awaken these recollections; but it must have been a bitter sorrow that could have induced you, so young, so beautiful, so highly-born, to forsake the world and become a Carmelite?'

'It was,' returned the nun, 'so bitter, that I felt it was turning my blood to gall; and it was not so much to flee from the misery I suffered, as from the corruption of my mind and character, that I fled from the sight of that which I could not see without evil thoughts.'

'Ah, there it is! I understand that too well!' said the princess; 'you were jealous!'

'I was,' answered the nun; 'and what made it so bitter was, that the person of whom I was jealous was the woman I loved best in the world.'

'You loved Henri de Beaulieu, and he loved your cousin?' said Madame Louise. The nun covered her face with her hands and was silent. 'How cruel you must think me, to rend your heart by recalling these recollections!' continued the princess.

'It is so long since I heard that name,' said Marie, 'I did not think I was still so weak.'

'But tell me,' said Louise, seizing her hand, 'did your anguish endure long after you had entered these gates? Did repose come quickly?'

'Slowly, slowly, but surely,' returned the nun with a sigh. 'Till I had taken the irrevocable vow, I had a severe struggle; but I never wavered in the conviction that I had done wisely; for it was only by this living death I could have ever conquered myself. Dreadful temptations had sometimes assailed me whilst I saw them together. Here I saw nothing—heard nothing; and my better nature revived and conquered at last.'

'I see,' said the princess, rising: 'I comprehend it all!' and then embracing her, she added, 'Pardon me the pain I have given you: it has not been without a motive. We shall meet again ere long.'

On the following day, Madame Louise requested a private interview with the king, for the purpose of obtaining his permission to join the Carmelites of St Denis. Louis was at first extremely unwilling to hear of the proposal. Louise was his favourite daughter; and he not only did not like to part with her, but he feared that her delicate health would soon sink under the austerities of so rigid an order. But her determination was taken; and at length, by her perseverance, and the repeated assurance that she was not, nor ever could be, happy in the world, she extracted his unwilling consent. She even avowed to him that, besides her own private griefs, the being obliged to witness his irregularities afflicted her severely; and as she believed that to immure herself in a convent, where she could devote her life to prayer, was a sacrifice pleasing to the Almighty, she hoped by these means to expiate her father's errors, as well as attain peace for herself. Fearing the opposition she might meet with from the rest of her family, however, she intreated the king's silence, whilst she herself communicated her resolution to nobody except the Archbishop of Paris; and he having obtained his majesty's consent in form, Madame Louise at length, on the 11th of April 1770, at eight o'clock in the morning, bade adieu to Versailles for ever.

Accompanied by the vicomte and Madame de Châteaugrand, to whom, since her former visit to the convent, she had been all kindness, she stepped into her carriage, and drove to St Denis. As by taking the veil she renounced all earthly distinctions, and amongst the rest that of being buried with the royal family of France, she now visited those vaults for the last time; and having knelt for some minutes at the tomb of her mother, she repaired to the convent, leaving her two attendants in the carriage. The abbot, who, having been apprised by the archbishop, was in waiting to conduct her to the parlour, now addressed several questions to her with respect to her vocation, representing to her the extreme austerity of the order, which was indeed a sort of female La Trappe. She answered him with unshaken firmness; and then, without once looking behind her, she passed into the cloister, where the prioress and the sisterhood were informed of the honour that awaited them. She next proceeded to the chapel, where a mass was performed; and having thus, as it were, sealed her determination, she requested that her two attendants might be conducted to the parlour, whilst she, through the grate which now separated her from the world, told them that they were to return to Paris without her.

The effect of this unexpected intelligence on Madame de Châteaugrand was no more than the princess had anticipated. She wept, intreated, and expostulated; but the Vicomte de Saint-Phale, after standing for a moment as if transfixed, fell flat upon his face to the ground. Amazed and agitated at so unexpected a result, the princess was only restrained by the grating which separated them from flying to his assistance; but before she could sufficiently recollect herself to resolve what to do, the prioress, fearing the effect of so distressing a scene at such a moment, came and led her away to her own apartments.

It would be difficult to describe the state of the princess's mind at that moment. The anguish expressed by Saint-Phale's countenance could not be mistaken. He that she had supposed would be utterly indifferent to her loss! Why should it affect him thus, when he had still with him his love, the chosen of his heart—Hortense de Châteaugrand? She did not know what to think; but certain it is, that the resolution which had been so unflinching an hour before, might perhaps, but for *pride*, have been now broken. With a bewildered mind and a heavy heart she retired to her cell, and there kneeling, she prayed to God to help her through this last struggle.

From that time nothing more was known with respect to Madame Louise till six months afterwards, when, her novitiate being completed, she made her profession. On that morning the humble cell inhabited by the princess exhibited a very unusual appearance: robes of gold and silver brocade, pearls and diamonds, and a splendid lace veil, were spread upon the narrow couch. In this magnificent attire she was for the last time to appear before the world, and for the last time her own women were in attendance to superintend her toilet. When she was dressed, everybody was struck with her beauty; and as she wore a superb cloak, the only defect of her person was concealed.

Of course the profession of a 'daughter of France' was an event to create a great sensation. All Paris turned out to see the show, and the road from thence to St Denis was one unbroken line of carriages. Mounted officers were to be seen in all directions, the Royal Guard surrounded the abbey, and the pope's nuncio came from Rome to perform the ceremony.

On this solemn occasion, of course the attendance of the princess's écuyer and lady of honour was considered indispensable, and Louise had prepared herself to see them both; but instead of Saint-Phale, to her surprise she beheld advancing to offer his arm her former attendant, the Baron de Brignolles. A pang of disappointment shot through her heart: *he* had not cared, then, to see her for this last time, and she should behold him no more! She felt that she turned pale and trembled, and

she could not trust her voice to inquire the cause of his absence; but De Brignolles took an opportunity of saying, that hearing the vicomte was too ill to attend, he had requested permission to resume his service for this occasion. Louise bowed her head in silence—she durst not speak.

At that solemn ceremony were present Louis XVI, then dauphin of France; Marie-Antoinette, the queen of beauty, and the idol of the French nation; the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII.; and the Comte d'Artois, who subsequently, as Charles X., likewise lost the throne.

After an eloquent discourse by the Bishop of Troyes, which drew tears from every eye, the princess retired for a few moments, and presently reappeared stript of her splendour, shorn of her beautiful hair, and clothed in the habit of the order. She was then stretched on the earth, covered with a pall, and the prayers for the dead pronounced over her. When she arose, the curtain which closed the entrance to the interior of the convent was lifted, and every eye was fixed on it as she passed through the opening, to return to the world no more. As that curtain fell behind her, a fearful cry echoed through the vaulted roof of the abbey, and a gentleman was observed to be carried out of the church by several persons who immediately surrounded him. Every one, however, was too much occupied with his own feelings at the moment to inquire who it was. On the ear of the new-made nun alone the voice struck familiarly; or perhaps it was not her ear, but her heart that told her it was the voice of Saint-Phale.

Louise was a Carmelite; the profligacies of the king and the court proceeded as before; Madame de Châteaugrand, instead of marrying her cousin Saint-Phale, married M. de Rivremont, to whom it appeared she had been long engaged; and Saint-Phale himself, after a long and severe illness, which endangered his life, quitted France for Italy, whither he was sent for the sake of the climate. At length, in 1777, when Lafayette astonished the world by his expedition to America, the vicomte astonished his friends no less by returning suddenly from the south, in order to join it; and in spite of the intreaties of his relations, he executed his design, and there he fell at the battle of Monmouth, in the year 1778.

He did not, however, die in the field, but lingered some days before he expired; during which interval he wrote farewell letters to his father and mother; and one also, which he intreated the latter to deliver according to its address, which was to 'The Sister Therèse de Saint Augustin, formerly Madame Louise de France.'

As soon as the poor bereaved mother had sufficiently recovered the shock of this sad news, she hastened to St Denis to fulfil her son's injunction; and the Sister Therèse, having obtained permission of the superior, received and opened the letter. The first words were an intreaty that she would listen to the prayer of a dying man, who could never offend her again, and read the lines that followed. He then went on to say that from his earliest youth he had loved her; and that it was to be near her, without exciting observation, that he had solicited the situation of écuyer; but knowing that, from the inequality of their conditions, his love must be for ever hopeless, he had studiously concealed it from its object. No one had ever penetrated his secret but Madame de Châteaugrand. He concluded by saying, that when that curtain hid her from his view on the day of her profession, he had felt the world contained nothing more for him, and that he had ever since earnestly desired that death which he had at length found on the field of battle, and which he had gone to America on purpose to seek; and asking her blessing and her prayers, he bade her farewell for ever.

Poor Louise! poor Therèse! poor nun! poor Carmelite! For a moment she forgot that she was the three last, to remember only that she had been the first; and falling on her knees, and clasping those thin

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transparent hands, wasted by wo and vigils, she exclaimed with a piercing cry, 'Then he loved me after all!'

Rigid as were the poor nun's notions of the duty of self-abnegation, such a feeling as this was one to be expiated by confession and penance; but as nuns are still women, it was not in the nature of things that she should not be the happier for the conviction that her love had been returned—nay, more than returned, for Saint-Phale had loved her first; and if she had forsaken the world for his sake, he had requited the sacrifice by dying for her. It was a balm even to that pious spirit to know that she, the deformed, the *bossue*, as she called herself, who had thought it impossible she could inspire affection, had been the chosen object of this devoted passion.

Madame Louise survived her lover nine years; and they were much calmer and happier years than those that preceded his death. She could now direct her thoughts wholly to the skies, for there she hoped and believed he was: and since human nature, as we have hinted before, will be human nature within the walls of a convent as well as outside of them, she had infinitely more comfort and consolation in praying for the repose of his soul in heaven, than she could have had in praying for his happiness on earth—provided he had sought that happiness in the arms of Madame de Châteaugrand, or any other fair lady.

LIEBIG'S RESEARCHES ON FOOD.

Nothing but accurate scientific investigation can ever teach the proper treatment of the human system either in health or in disease. No length of experience of vague sensations, following up the taking of certain kinds of food, exercise, or drugs, is enough to determine the precise virtues of these appliances. There is only one sure way of finding out the exact uses and functions of what we eat, or what acts on our bodies; and that is, to determine precisely on the one hand the substances used by nature in the vital processes, and on the other, the composition of the materials that we supply to the system. If we determine first the wants of the body, and next the resources of the world, and select the latter exactly to meet the former, we will learn on truly rational grounds the way of keeping up the vigour of our physical framework.

Baron Liebig is at present conducting a series of researches on the nutrition of animals, on exactly the same principle that he and others have proceeded with respect to the nourishment of plants.* A plant is analysed, and found to contain certain constant elements; some of these derived from air and water, others of an earthy kind derived from the solid soil. The requirements of the plant being thus laid open, it can be seen by a similar investigation if a soil contains in proper form these precise elements. If it contain some of them, and not others, then what is wanting is communicated, and no more. This is true insight and rational practice. All other schemes, founded on what is called 'farming experience,' can be at best mere probabilities.

The present work of Liebig is a contribution to the accurate knowledge of the action of food on the system. It is wholly devoted to the constitution of the flesh or muscles of the body, which form one of the largest and most important constituents of the system. The fleshy masses, which make the soft parts between the skin and the deep-lying bones of the skeleton, are the prime forces of the moving organs—the source of strength, energy, and every form of bodily activity. The first consequence of derangement in the constitution of the flesh is a loss of working vigour; and this is apt to

be followed up with disorders in the other parts of the system—the stomach, lungs, brain, &c. It is of prime importance, therefore, that we should know in a rigorous scientific way (which means in the *one perfect way*) what is necessary for preserving or restoring the elements which enter into healthy flesh.

Liebig, accordingly, has set to work, by chemical analysis, to find what are the substances that are combined together in animal muscle; and in the present work he has described them, so far as his examination has gone. Some of the substances that he has found are entirely new; and he confesses that there yet remain one or two constituents which he has not sufficiently investigated, so as to be able to say what they are.

Flesh is made up of solid fibres, cells, membranes—all of an organised structure—with fat; it also contains a very large quantity of liquid matter, called the juice of the flesh. This juice is a solution of a great many elements or substances in water; the weight of the water itself being many times that of all the dissolved substances put together. Liebig's investigations have been directed to the analysis of these substances. He takes a mass of ten pounds of newly-killed flesh, reduces it to a fine mince, mixes it with water, and squeezes the whole mass through a linen bag, until he has extracted as much of the liquid contents as possible, and left only the solid portions behind. When the fluid thus obtained is heated up to a certain temperature, the *albumen*, which is one constituent, coagulates, and can be separated. At a still higher temperature, the *colouring matter*, which makes the redness of raw flesh, also coagulates, and is removed. The separation of these simplifies the compound. The remaining fluid is always of an acid character, showing that it contains, with its other ingredients, one or more acid substances, in a free or unneutralised state. A part of the inquiry is to find what these acids are: accordingly, an alkali (*baryta*) is poured in to combine with and precipitate them. The precipitate is withdrawn and examined, and found to consist of *phosphates*, which phosphates have the double base of *baryta* and *magnesia*, which last, therefore, must have been present in the juice. It is thus shown that *phosphoric acid* is an essential constituent of the juice of muscle.

The liquid that is freed by filtration from these precipitated phosphates is slowly evaporated, until at last crystals, in the form of colourless needles, appear at the bottom. These crystals, when examined by chemical tests, are found to be an entirely new substance, with distinct and specific properties, which Liebig has fully investigated; and it has received the name of *kreatine*, from the Greek word for flesh. This kreatine, therefore, is an invariable constituent of the muscular fluid. Its amount in any animal is greatest when there is least fat; as fat accumulates, it diminishes.

The physical properties of a substance are its specific gravity, texture, colour, and appearance. The chemical properties are its composition, or the proportions of its elementary constituents, and its chemical action upon other bodies, such as acids, alkalies, and tests of all sorts. These properties Liebig has detailed in reference to the new substance, and by them a key will be found to its uses in the living body.

The action of a strong acid on kreatine creates a second substance hitherto unknown to chemists, which is alkaline in its nature, called by Liebig *kreatinine*. This substance, however, may not only be produced from kreatine, but it is found in the system as another permanent constituent, and as such its properties deserve and have received a distinct investigation.

The original kreatine, resolved by an acid into kreatinine, is next resolved by baryta into two other elements, one of them *urea*, already well known; but the other is a completely new substance of the alkaline character, named *sarcosine*, and apparently worthy of being studied. Here, therefore, from one crystalline deposit there arises three organic compounds, that have all something to do with human vitality.

* Researches on the Chemistry of Food, by Justus Liebig, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen. Edited from the Manuscript of the Author, by William Gregory, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London: Taylor and Walton. 1847.

We are not yet done with the original liquid. After the crystals of kreatine are deposited, there is a liquor still remaining. By adding alcohol to it, it is made to give a new deposit in white foliated crystals. These are separated by filtration, and examined, and yield a fourth new substance of an acid character, called by Liebig *inosinic acid*. This is a very remarkable element. The flavour of the meat seems to reside in it: when it is acted on by a high heat, it gives off the very smell of roasting meat. Its properties are also given.

Recurring again to the unexhausted mother liquid, and adding more alcohol, a new separation takes place; a thick sirupy substance falls to the bottom, and a lighter liquid floats above. The separate examination of these brings out additional elements. Here is found the kreatinine natural to the muscle. There is also now found *lactate of potash*; and it turns out that *lactic acid*, or the acid of sour milk, is a constant element of muscular juice, as well as the phosphoric acid that came out at an earlier stage. The lactates of flesh receive from Liebig a separate investigation.

After settling the characters of these great organic constituents—kreatine, kreatinine, sarcosine, inosinic acid—and the compounds of lactic acid, he now turns to what are called the inorganic elements, such as phosphoric acid, potash, and other alkalis, and founds a curious speculation upon the presence and mutual actions of the lactic and phosphoric acids. The great idea of the speculation is, that lactic acid is the substance that directly supports respiration, or whose consumption gives the animal heat; and that the sugar and starch taken in our food are changed into lactic acid, in order to become respiratory elements. In fact, the use of sugar is to supply the lactic acid constituent, which has to serve this and other purposes in the body. Another very refined speculation is offered by the author, founded on the fact, that the alkali contained in the flesh is potash, and the alkali contained in the blood is soda. He shows how the chemical properties of phosphoric acid and soda, which go together in the blood, would explain the process whereby nature makes the exchange of carbonic acid for pure oxygen, in the final act of the respiratory process. But this we have not space to dwell upon.

These elements do not exhaust the constituents of muscle, and it will take much additional study to follow out all their functions in the human body. Moreover, muscle, although a very important tissue, is only one out of many; and it will be necessary to go through a similar examination of nerve and other tissues before the chemical actions involved in the animal system are fully known. But in the meantime, Liebig draws some very important practical inferences from the discoveries already made.

In the first place, he shows how the boiling of meat acts upon the various constituents of the juice. We require, for the support of our muscle, not merely the fibrous matter of animal flesh, but all the array of the albumen, lactates, phosphates, kreatine, &c. already mentioned: if any of these are allowed to escape, we are deprived of some useful element, and our system suffers. Now, cold water can dissolve the great mass of these important ingredients, so that if meat is put into cold water, and slowly boiled up, the water will have carried off all the albumen and several other substances, and the remaining beef will be a kind of husk, insufficient to nourish the system, unless the water it has been boiled in is taken at the same time in the form of soup. To boil beef without losing the nutritious and savoury elements, Liebig gives the following directions:—The water is, in the first place, to be put into a brisk boiling state; into this boiling water the meat should be plunged, and allowed to lie for a few minutes; it is then taken out, and cold water is to be poured into the boiler till the heat be reduced far below boiling, or to about 160 degrees; the meat is then put in again, and kept in the water at this temperature for two or three hours. Everything is in this way effected

that can render the flesh pleasant and wholesome as food. The contact with the boiling water at the outset coagulates the albumen of the flesh all round the surface of the meat, and closes up its pores with a solid wall, that none of the internal juices can pass through, and the meat is preserved in all its integrity while undergoing the action of the heat.

On the other hand, when we wish to have a rich soup, we must take means for thoroughly extracting the various elements of the fleshy juice, for these elements are the essential portion of a soup. A perfect soup would be a mixture of all the soluble constituents of the muscle—in fact, Liebig's original mother liquor, which he wrought upon to bring out all the various substances already enumerated. Accordingly, the plan of making soup is as follows:—

When one pound of lean beef, free of fat, and separated from the bones, in the finely-chopped state in which it is used for beef-sausages or mince-meat, is uniformly mixed with its own weight of cold water, slowly heated to boiling, and the liquid, after boiling briskly for a minute or two, is strained through a cloth from the coagulated albumen and the fibrine, now become hard and horny, we obtain an equal weight of the most aromatic soup, of such strength as can be obtained even by boiling for hours from a piece of flesh. When mixed with salt, and the other usual additions by which soup is usually seasoned, and tinged somewhat darker by means of roasted onions or burnt sugar, it forms the very best soup that can be prepared from one pound of flesh.

An extract of meat thus prepared is found to be an invaluable provision for an army in active service. Administered along with a little wine to wounded soldiers, it immediately restores their strength, exhausted by loss of blood, and enables them to sustain the fatigue of removal to the nearest hospital. Of course what is so useful in this extreme case must be useful in thousands of minor occasions of bodily prostration. The loss of strength means the loss of the substances that support vitality, such as these very ingredients of fleshy juice. The fleshy fibre itself is wasted more slowly than the substances that float in the liquid that invests it; so that, in fact, a supply of these matters has a more instantaneous action than any other refreshment. We can thus explain the effect of soups upon convalescent patients. No doubt the perfect soup of Liebig's description would be found to have a far greater strengthening power than the generality of those in common use.

There is one other principle of very great consequence stated in the volume before us. It is, that the gastric juice of the stomach, which dissolves the solid food into a liquid pulp, has nearly the same ingredients as the juice of flesh; so that the power of digestion will be very much affected by the supply of the constituents of juice to the system. Hence a good flesh-extract soup, besides giving materials to the muscle, provides the solvent liquid of the stomach, and facilitates digestion. To people suffering from indigestion in the sense of deficiency in the gastric juice, the supply of this material is the natural remedy. Another useful hint is also suggested by this connection of stomach and muscle. The digestion of the food, and the exertion of the muscles, consume the same ingredients, so that both operations cannot well be sustained together beyond a certain limit. Moreover, it naturally follows that rest during one operation will cause increase of energy in the other. During the height of the digestive action, muscular exertion cannot well be afforded, unless there is a great surplus of the common aliment. It is well known that when digestion is weak, rest after meals is necessary, and that excessive exercise unfits the stomach for its work. The explanation now afforded may supply practical wisdom on this head to all men.

Liebig has also pointed out the effect that the salting of meat has on the precious constituents of its juice. The salt withdraws a great portion of these dissolved matters, which are thrown away with the brine. The

injuriousness of a long course of salt provisions is thus distinctly accounted for. He also gives some suggestions as to the mode of salting meat without abstracting the ingredients of the juice.

In these investigations, Liebig has made use of flesh derived from a great range of animals, and has determined the comparative richness of each in the various substances in question. He has tried the flesh of ox, roe deer, horse, hare, fox, fowls, fishes, &c. In this way he is likely to furnish, what has been sought for in vain by other methods, a comparison of the nutritive qualities of the different kinds of food. No man that understands the real difficulty of settling such a point, can put the slightest faith in any of the tables of the comparative digestibility or nutritiveness of substances that have hitherto been put forth in books of medicine or dietetics.

JOSEPH TRAIN'S ACCOUNT OF THE ISLE OF MAN.*

THE name of Mr Train has become widely known, in consequence of the acknowledgment of Sir Walter Scott of the obligations he lay under to him for hints towards sundry of the Waverley Novels. Now passing into the vale of years, after a creditable fulfilment of all the common duties of life, he appears to us as an admirable specimen of the genius of self-taught and self-raised men. While possessed of strong poetical tastes, he has gone beyond the ordinary range of his class in a zealous cultivation of historical antiquities, of which we have here goodly proof in two volumes, embracing all that can be desired of the past and present of the Isle of Man. We delight to see the worthy veteran successfully bringing so laborious a task to a close.

The very peculiar history of this little outlying portion of the empire; its long possession of an independent race of princes; its retaining even till now institutions proper to itself—render it an object of curiosity beyond any similar space of British ground. Mr Train has done all that we should think possible in recovering its early annals, and throwing them into an intelligible narrative: a sad view they give of bloody wars and popular sufferings. A portion of his work, devoted to the superstitions, the manners and customs of the people, is more attractive to the general reader. Statistics, however, and even the natural history of the island, are not overlooked. The author seems to have aimed at exhausting the subject in all respects, and he has pretty well succeeded in his purpose.

Man comprises two hundred square miles, much of it hilly and waste, and about fifty thousand inhabitants. With lighter taxation than England, it returns about £70,000 of revenue. The people are Celtic, and speak a language resembling the Gaelic of our Scottish Highlanders. They have retained old customs and superstitions longer than any other people under the British crown. Will it be believed that the kindling of Baal fires—that is, celebrating the anniversary of the pagan god Baal or Bel—was observed on the 1st of May 1837? Or that a trial, equivalent to a trial for witchcraft, went on before a jury of Manxmen in December 1843? On this occasion, while a poor woman was in the course of being asked if she ever came in *any shape or form* to do John Quine an injury, a wag let loose a rabbit in the court, when all became extreme confusion, and the jury, with eyes staring, hair on end, and mouths distorted, exclaimed, 'The witch! the witch!' nor was the uproar quieted till one of the crowd seized and killed the animal. There still survives in this island, in the same latitude with the county of Cumberland, a fairy doctor of the name of Teare, who is resorted to when all other aid fails. 'The messenger that is despatched to him

on such occasions is neither to eat nor drink by the way, nor even to tell any person his mission: the recovery is said to be perceptible from the time the case is stated to him.' Farmers delay their sowing till Teare can come to bless the seed. Mr Train has seen and conversed with this strange pretender.

'The first time I saw him he was mounted on a little Manx pony, that seemed aware of its master having neither whip nor spur to quicken its pace, as it moved very tardily along the wayside. The seer is a little man, far advanced into the vale of life; in appearance he was healthy and active; he wore a low-crown slouched hat, evidently too large for his head, with a broad brim; his coat, of an old-fashioned make, with his vest and breeches, were all of loughtyn wool, which had never undergone any process of dyeing; his shoes, also, were of a colour not to be distinguished from his stockings, which were likewise of loughtyn wool.

'Mr Kelly, chief magistrate of Castletown, was kindly driving me in his gig to Port St Mary, whither also Mr Teare was proceeding; and where, he informed us, he was to remain for the night. Aware that it was not agreeable to many, even of the most intelligent Manxmen, to hear direct allusions made by a stranger to any of the superstitious observances of the lower orders of the people, I avoided as much as possible making any inquiries that might give offence. Mr Kelly seeing, however, from the nature of my questions, and from my travelling in the mountains, and associating with the peasantry, that my chief object was to become acquainted with all the existing peculiarities of the people, on our arrival at the inn generously introduced me to the great fairy doctor, as a person eminently qualified to give me all the statistical information which the island could afford. After communicating to the seer my object in visiting the island, Mr Kelly remarked with a magisterial air, "I know, Mr Teare, that by probing the secret springs of nature, you can either accelerate, retard, or turn aside at pleasure the natural course of events, but you must make oath before me, in presence of this stranger, that you never call evil spirits to your assistance." The seer assented, and the oath was administered with due solemnity by the magistrate, who, after listening to some singular stories from the doctor, departed for Castletown, leaving us to spend the evening together. There was a pithy quaintness in the doctor's conversation, and his answers were generally couched in idiomatic proverbialisms. He said he was required by his professional business to travel more than any person in the island, and when I expressed my surprise at a person of his advanced years enduring such fatigue, he replied, "The crab that lies always in its hole is never fat."

The promptings of superstition are often cruel; there is a notable instance in the Manx custom of hunting the wren on St Stephen's Day, when the populace go about with a captive bird of that species, distributing its feathers as charms against witchcraft, after which they inter it on the sea-shore. Often, again, there is a strange wild beauty in superstitious ideas, as in the following case:—'On New-Year's eve, in many of the upland cottages, it is yet customary for the housewife, after raking the fire for the night, and just before stepping into bed, to spread the ashes smooth over the floor with the tongs, in the hope of finding in it next morning the track of a foot: should the toes of this ominous print point towards the door, then it is believed a member of the family will die in the course of that year; but should the heel of the fairy foot point in that direction, then it is as firmly believed that the family will be augmented within the same period.' There was once a mighty enchantress in the island. 'By her alluring arts, she ensnared the hearts of so many men around where she resided, causing them to neglect their usual occupations, that the country presented a scene of utter desolation. They neither ploughed nor sowed, their gardens were all overgrown

* Two volumes, 8vo. Douglas, Isle of Man. Published by Mary A. Quiggin, North Quay. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1845.

with weeds, their once fertile fields were covered with stones, their cattle died for want of pasture, and their turf lay undug in the commons. This universal charmer having brought things to such a deplorable crisis, under pretence of making a journey to a distant part of the island, set out on a milk-white palfrey, accompanied by her admirers on foot, till, having led them into a deep river, she drowned six hundred of the best men the island had ever seen, and then flew away in the shape of a bat. To prevent the recurrence of a like disaster, these wise people ordained that their women should henceforth go on foot and follow the men, which custom is so religiously observed, that if by chance a woman is observed walking before a man, whoever sees her cries out immediately, "*Tehi! Tehi!*" which, it seems, was the name of the enchantress who occasioned this law.

The supposition that fairies sometimes took away mortal babes, and left their own wretched offspring in their place, is perhaps now declined in Man, as in other places; but it was rife a century ago. Waldron, who wrote a book on Man, published in 1732, gives the following account:—"I was prevailed on," says he, "to go and see a child, who, they told me, was one of these changelings; and indeed must own, was not a little surprised as well as shocked at the sight. Nothing under heaven could have a more beautiful face; but though between five and six years old, and seemingly healthy, he was so far from being able to walk or stand, that he could not so much as move any one joint. His limbs were vastly long for his age, but smaller than an infant's of six months; his complexion was perfectly delicate, and he had the finest hair in the world. He never spoke nor cried, ate scarce anything, and was very seldom seen to smile; but if any one called him a *faery elf*, he would frown and fix his eyes so earnestly on those who said it, as if he would look them through. His mother, or at least his supposed mother, being very poor, frequently went out a charring, and left him a whole day together. The neighbours, out of curiosity, have often looked in at the window to see how he behaved when alone, which, whenever they did, they were sure to find him laughing, and in the utmost delight. This made them judge that he was not without company more pleasing to him than any mortals could be; and what made this conjecture seem the more reasonable was, that if he were left ever so dirty, the woman, at her return, saw him with a clean face, and his hair combed with the utmost exactness and nicety."

In accounts of customs from different districts, one is perpetually called on to wonder at the parities observable in many small matters. We are told by Mr Train, that "formerly weddings were generally preceded by musicians playing the *Black and the Gray*, the only tune struck up on such occasions." What this tune may be we cannot tell—probably it is not now recoverable; but what is very curious, it was the tune which was played at weddings by the last piper of Peebles, who died upwards of forty years ago.

Peel Castle, on the west side of the island, is the locality of a strange tradition, which Mr Train quotes from his predecessor Waldron. "There was formerly a passage to the apartment belonging to the captain of the guard; but it is now closed up: the reason they give you for it is a pretty odd one. They say that an apparition, called in the Manx language the *Moddey Doo*, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel Castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as the candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of the soldiers, who at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt; and for that reason forbore swearing and profane discourse while in its company. But though

they endured the shock of such a guest when all together in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment the way led through the church, they agreed among themselves that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night his fellow in this errand, should accompany him that went first, and by this means no man would be exposed singly to danger; for I forgot to mention, that the *Moddey Doo* was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of day, and return to it again as soon as morning dawned; which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence. One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinarily, laughed at the simplicity of his companions; and although it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him; but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the *Moddey Doo* would follow him as it had done the others, for he would try whether it were dog or devil.

After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room. In some time after his departure a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till, the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough, for he was never heard to speak more; and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was intreated by all who came near him to speak, or if he could not do that, to make some signs by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortions of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death. The *Moddey Doo* was, however, never after seen in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage; for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about threescore years since."

In zoology, the island has, or had, some peculiar features. The native sheep, called the *Loaghtyn*, of mean appearance, with high back, narrow ribs, and tail like that of a goat, finds a fit associate in the poor little stunted pony. There was once a peculiar variety of the wild boar in Man—called the *purr*—of a gray sandy colour, spotted with black. It ran wild in the mountains, and was a destructive creature. "The last purr had a den in the mountain of South Barrule, whence he sallied forth almost daily into some of the surrounding valleys in search of prey. In summer, a fold was no barrier to his killing and carrying off both sheep and lambs. In winter, impelled perhaps by hunger, he became so daring, that every adjoining farmyard was the scene of his depredations. At last the people rose to drive the enemy from his stronghold, and besetting him with the fiercest dogs that could be procured, they succeeded in hunting him over the high cliffs of Brada Head, where he was killed by falling amongst the rocks, ere he reached the sea below." It is a little known, but curious fact, that the cats of the Isle of Man have no tail, and at most a mere rudiment of caudal vertebrae. They are called *rumplies*, and are excellent mousers. Mr Train, after keeping one for four years, expresses his belief that it is a hybrid animal, between the cat and rabbit; but, from the decided diversity of these species, we feel inclined to pronounce very confidently that no such union could take place.

In agriculture, the Manxmen are, or at a very recent period were, much behind their fellow-countrymen of Britain. Their field implements were extremely rude, and they carried manure to the field and brought home their crops in creels on the backs of horses. Mr Train, however, alleges that they were willing to do better;

and he relates the following curious anecdote, with which we conclude:—'That the Manx were acquainted with the process of preparing shell lime for building, may be inferred from its being used in the walls of the old fortifications; stone lime, on the contrary, was wholly unknown to them. In the year 1642, Governor Greenhalgh made an ineffectual attempt to introduce the practice of using lime as manure; but he had no sooner built a kiln, than it was circulated as an article of news that the deputy-governor was actually engaged in a project to burn stones for the improvement of the land. The people hastened in crowds to witness the result of this wonderful process, and probably not without some doubts of the governor's sanity. When, however, they beheld large masses reduced to powder by the action of fire, they eagerly resolved to profit by an example from which they expected the most beneficial results. *Earth pots*, as they were termed, were raised in all parts of the island, in which every kind of stone, flint, slate, or pebble, were indiscriminately subjected to the process of burning. As might have been expected, their efforts were fruitless; but for the ill success which attended their exertions, they were at no loss to find an infallible cause—that the governor had intercourse with the fairies, by whose agency his minerals were converted into powder, whilst those of the more upright native islanders were only condensed to a greater degree of hardness. Of this curious fact many evidences still remain. Large quantities of calcined stones are frequently found in different parts of the island.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

TRICKS OF TRADE.

SOME late circumstances transpiring through the newspapers, or through judicial investigation, are calculated to give rise to very serious reflections. First, we have an ultra cheap system of transit on the river Thames, producing an explosion by which many lives are sacrificed. Then, we find the linen-draper meeting to denounce a system long carried on by the makers of thread and tape, whereby it happens that a reel of one of these articles labelled as containing a hundred yards—'warranted' to do so—yields only ninety, or eighty-eight yards, or perhaps is deficient as much as 25 per cent. Think of a poor woman who makes a meagre livelihood by dealing in tape and thread, who unwittingly retails these reels in yards to different customers, on an understanding that they each contain a hundred, while they are short of that amount by more than the value of her supposed profit! Oh, shame of shames! Next, a member of a 'respectable' grain firm at Glasgow is sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and a fine, for selling a large quantity of oatmeal to the Highland Destitution Committee, adulterated with an inferior stuff called *thirds*, which is not oatmeal at all; this being described in the defence as a practice of the trade! Taking these as but chance liftings of a veil which conceals much more to the like purport, it must be owned that they create a very painful feeling regarding the state of commercial conscientiousness amongst us. It would appear as if men were driven by competition to adopt dishonest expedients for the purpose of obtaining business and making that business profitable. The days of *reality* seem to be past, and those of delusion and imposture come in. It requires, however, only exposure and punishment to check this system, for it is only when one is found to gain an advantage by cheating, that the others are tempted to it; and there must still be a sufficiently full consciousness that just trade is the more pleasant in carrying on, where it can be done without loss. We therefore hope that every effort will be made by those in authority to detect such practices, and visit them, where proved, with sharp punishment. A few trials of 'respectable' delinquents would go a great way as a warrant that one-hundred-

yard bobbins really contain a hundred yards, and that oatmeal is actually oatmeal.

THE 'HAERLEMNER MEER.'

In the lately published number of the Edinburgh Review will be found an instructive article on that social and physical phenomenon—Holland. We refer to it more particularly for the account which it presents of the plans now in course of operation for draining the Lake of Haerlem, as it is called in our English maps, but which is known among the Dutch as the Haerlemmer Meer, or Haerlem Sea. We well remember the sight of this vast sheet of water, when, going along the road from Haerlem to Amsterdam, we found it stretching far away to the right, and covering, as we were told, an area of seventy square miles. A broad mound or dike, on which the highway was extended, may be said to have been the boundary which prevented still further encroachments of the ocean. It is, however, on all sides carefully banked; and the annual expense incurred for these defences amounts to from L.4000 to L.5000.

The meer of Haerlem originated in a series of inundations of the sea about three hundred years ago. Numerous schemes were subsequently devised to expel the ocean, but they were either not attended to, or failed in execution. The boldest of these projects was devised by a most ingenious mechanician, Jan Leeghwater; but we believe it only went the length of employing a vast army of windmills, each working a pump; and at anyrate it was never properly entertained. The serious difficulty in the way of expelling and permanently keeping out the meer was the expense; latterly, however, since the discovery of steam power, it has been made apparent to the minds of the Hollanders, 'that to keep dry, and to maintain the dikes around this large area, when brought into the state of a polder (dry patch of land), would not exceed in yearly expense the cost of maintaining the existing barrier dikes.' As soon as this fact was satisfactorily established, the expulsion of the meer was determined on by the Dutch government.

'A navigable ring canal was begun,' proceeds the reviewer, 'in 1840. At three distant points on the borders of the lake as many monster engines are to be erected. These, it is calculated, will exhaust the waters, and lay the bed of the lake dry, by fourteen months of incessant pumping; at a total cost, for machines and labour, of L.140,000. The expense of maintaining the dikes and engines afterwards will be nearly L.5000 a-year. The cost of maintaining the old barrier dikes amounted, as we have already stated, to about the same sum. The land to be laid dry is variously estimated at from fifty to seventy thousand acres. Taking the lowest of these estimates, the cost of reclaiming amounts to L.3 sterling per imperial acre, and that of subsequently maintaining to two shillings per acre.* Independently, therefore, of the other advantages which will attend it, there will be an actual money profit from the undertaking. The quantity of water to be lifted is calculated at about a thousand millions of tons. This would have required a hundred and fourteen windmills of the largest size stationed at intervals round the lake, and working for four years, at a total cost of upwards of L.300,000; while at the same time, after the first exhaustion of the waters was completed, the greater number of these mills would have been perfectly useless. How wonderful appears the progress of mechanical art! Three steam-engines to do the work of one hundred and fourteen huge mills, in one-third of the time, and at less than one-half the cost! One of these monster engines—of English manufacture—working, polypus-like, eleven huge suckers at the extremity of as many formidable arms, has been already erected, and tried at

* If the area of the lake be, as before mentioned, about seventy square miles, it contains only 45,000 acres, and the cost of reclaiming is still about L.3 an acre.

the southern extremity of the lake in the neighbourhood of Leyden. The annual drainage of the lake is calculated at fifty-four millions of tons, of which twenty millions will require in some seasons to be lifted in the course of one or two months. Had our railway undertakings not sprung up to rival or excel it, we should have unhesitatingly claimed for this work the praise of being the boldest effort of civil engineering in modern times.

We learn for the first time, from the Review, that as Holland produces no coal, the natives have finally resorted to steam-power with some degree of fear as to the consequences. Should they go to war with England and other coal-producing countries, how is fuel to be procured? It is to be trusted that our good friends the Dutch will keep themselves quite easy on this score; and we wish them cordially to unite with us in the following sentiments:—'Let Holland depend upon England and Belgium for the coal which is to dry her polders. Let Norway, and Russia, and Belgium, and the United States of America, depend upon the English market for the sale of their timber, their hemp, and flax, and cotton. Let England depend upon Russia, and Germany, and America for her deficient corn, and upon the world at large for outlets to her manufactures. Let railways annihilate international barriers, making the broad land as free to pass over as the sea; and let the post-office and the electric telegraph mingle by millions the kind thoughts, and the more serious reflections, and the tidings of mental and physical progress, from all the corners of the earth; and then neither the whims of autocrats, nor the squabbles of royal houses, nor disputed marriages, nor dyspeptic ministers, nor polemical differences, nor desert corners of land, will long be permitted to endanger the lives and comfort of millions of human beings.'

A CELEBRATED SIMILE.

Byron appears to have felt a little awkwardness after committing himself to admiration of Henry Kirke White, by his magnificent allusion to the young poet's fate in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' In his letter on the subject to Mr Dallas, he still insists, though faintly, that Kirke White had in him 'poesy and genius'; but immediately qualifies this by saying that he was at anyrate 'beyond all the Bloomfields and Blacketts, and their collateral cobblers, whom Loft and Pratt have or may kidnap from their calling into the service of the trade.'

Whatever may be thought, however, of Byron's criticism, or of his ingenuousness in its defence, the verses will retain their place among the most elegant in the language, even after they have been deprived of the faint claims to originality they have hitherto possessed—

'Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
Oh, what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science's self destroyed her favourite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.'

This fine simile we traced on a former occasion to Waller; but a correspondent goes two thousand years farther back, and finds it in *Æschylus*, repeated by him from still more ancient authorities—

— Thus of old,
In Lybian fables is the story told,
That when the eagle, stricken at the heart,
Saw his own feather on the fatal dart,

The royal bird upraised with haughty pride,
"Unconquered yet we die," exulting cried—
"Ours was the deed! ourselves impelled the blow!
We fall no triumph to presumptuous foe!"

The difference in the turn given by the ancient and modern poets to the reflections of the wounded bird would form a fine subject for the critic. The eagle of the ancient Greek exhibits the proud and masculine spirit of his age: he congratulates himself on having received the mortal blow from no meaner implement than that furnished by his own wing, and dies exulting and unconquered. In the modern version, on the other hand, produced when poetry had lost in fire what it had gained in refinement, this heroidal burst is transformed into sentiment, and the dying bird laments his fate the more from having been accessory to it himself.

ORIGIN OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM.

It is now about twenty-eight years since a thoughtful man, travelling in the north of England on commercial business, stood looking at a small train of coal-wagons impelled by steam along a tramroad which connected the mouth of one of the collieries of that district with the wharf at which the coals were shipped. 'Why,' he asked of the engineer, 'are not these tramroads laid down all over England, so as to supersede our common roads, and steam-engines employed to convey goods and passengers along them, so as to supersede horse-power?' The engineer looked at the questioner with the corner of his eye. 'Just propose you that to the nation, sir, and see what you will get by it! Why, sir, you will be worried to death for your pains.' Nothing more was said; but the intelligent traveller did not take the engineer's warning. Tramroads, locomotive steam-engines, horse-power superseded!—the idea he had conceived continued to infest his brain, and would not be driven out. Tramroads, locomotive steam-engines, horse-power superseded!—he would talk of nothing else with his friends. Tramroads, locomotive steam-engines, horse-power superseded!—he at length broached the scheme openly; first to public men by means of letters and circulars, and afterwards to the public itself by means of a printed book. Hardly anybody would listen to him; the engineer's words seemed likely to prove true. Still he persevered, holding the public by the button, as it were, and dinning into its ears the same wearisome words. From public political men, including the cabinet ministers of the day, he received little encouragement; a few influential commercial men, however, began at length to be interested in his plan. Persons of eminence took it up, and advocated it almost as enthusiastically as the original proprietor. It having thus been *proved*, according to Dogberry's immortal phrase, that the scheme was a good scheme, it soon went near to be *thought* so. Capital came to its aid. The consequence was, that in 1826 parliament passed an act authorising the construction of the first British railway, properly so called—that between Liverpool and Manchester. Four years afterwards, in September 1830, the railway was opened. What advances the system has made since, every one knows. Railways have been constructed, or are in progress, in all parts of the civilised world; philosophers have already begun to speculate on the astonishing effects which such a means of rapid locomotion must have on the character and prospects of the whole human race; by means of railways, Europe is becoming a familiar country to us all, and the planet itself an imaginable round thing; and the only question is, where will this railway-impulse end?—into what strange condition of humanity is it leading us? And the beginning of all this was the dream of a thought-

ful man, looking, about twenty-eight years ago, at some coal-wagons running along a tramroad to a wharf.

The name of this projector of a general railway system of transit is Thomas Gray, and he is still alive. We have now before us a copy of the work in which he first explained his scheme to the public. The first edition of it was published in 1820, and the title under which it made its appearance was as follows:—'Observations on a General Iron Railway, or Land Steam Conveyance, to supersede the necessity of horses in all public vehicles; showing its vast superiority in every respect over all the present pitiful methods of conveyance by Turnpike-roads, Canals, and Coasting Traders; containing every species of information relative to Railroads and Locomotive Engines.' There is now a sort of quaint historic interest in turning to this book, to see the manner in which objects familiar to us were first represented to the incredulous imagination of the public. Prefixed to it there is a plate, exhibiting carriages of different constructions, drawn along on railways by locomotives. The carriages of one of the sets strike the eye curiously, as being made on the model of a common stage-coach, with inside and outside passengers, luggage on the top, a guard behind with his horn, and actually, in one instance (though this seems done in irony), a person occupying the driver's box with a little whip in his hand. On this plate are engraved the following couplets—

'No speed with this can fleetest horse compare;
No weight like this canal or vessel bear.
As this will commerce every way promote,
To this let sons of commerce grant their vote.'

These verses at least show the enthusiasm of the projector; but one must be acquainted with the contents of the book throughout fully to appreciate Mr Gray's merits. Suffice it to say that, except in the matter of the speed attainable on the proposed roads, which experience has proved to be much greater than Mr Gray dared to hope, the case for a general railway system of transit, as here stated, is as complete as, with all our acquired knowledge of the reality, we could now make it. It may be even doubted whether we have yet completely realised the suggestions of this volume; and the system of main trunk lines laid down in it for Great Britain and Ireland, and illustrated by an engraved chart, is probably superior in some respects to that which has been actually adopted.

Railways, it is almost unnecessary to inform our readers, were in use long before the general system of transit by their means as proposed by Mr Gray. They were first used, about a hundred and eighty years ago, to facilitate the transport of coals from the north of England collieries to the shipping places on the Tyne. The first railways were merely wooden wheelways, laid in the ordinary roads to lessen the friction and render the work easier for the horse. The advantage was so great, that various improvements were gradually introduced with a view to increase it to the utmost. About the middle of last century, the following was the mode of preparing a tramroad or railway:—The road having been rendered as nearly level throughout as possible, rough wooden logs, called *sleepers*, each about six feet long, were imbedded in it transversely, at distances of about three feet. Along these were laid the wooden rails, pegged down to the sleepers, so as to form a wheel-way about four feet wide. The wheels of the wagons were provided with a flange, so as to keep them from slipping off the rails. Each wagon was pulled by a single horse; and as the inclination of the road was usually from the pit mouth to the wharf, the loaded wagons had the advantage of the descent, while in ascending, the horse had to pull only empty wagons. When the difference of level between the pit mouth and the wharf was very great, it was usual to manage the transport, not by making the road of the necessary uniform inclination throughout, but by inserting here and there a steep inclined plane, which the wagons descended by their own weight, the rest of the way being tolerably level. By a contrivance introduced towards

the end of the century, many of these inclined planes were made *self-acting*—that is, were so constructed, that the loaded wagons descending pulled up the returning empty wagons. At others, the return-wagons were pulled up by a stationary steam-engine. Sometimes there was an inclined plane, terminating in a spout at the shipping place, along which the coals were shot straight into the hold of the vessel lying under the river bank.

In 1767, the experiment was tried at the Colebrook iron-works of covering the wooden rails of a tramroad with a plating of iron. The experiment was so successful, that some years afterwards rails wholly of cast-iron began to be constructed. About the year 1793, also, wooden sleepers began to be superseded by stone ones—blocks of stone laid down underneath the joinings of the rails. Till 1801, the rails were all of the kind called the *flat-rail*, or tram-plate, consisting of plates of cast-iron about three feet long, from three to five inches broad, and from half an inch to an inch thick, with a flange or turn-up on the inside. About that year, however, *edge-rails* began to be used—these edge-rails being bars of cast-iron about three feet long each, laid on their edges, the flange in this case being on the wheel.

The value of the improvements which had thus been gradually introduced during the course of a century and a half may be judged of from the fact, that on a good edge railway, such as was to be found in the beginning of the present century, ten horses could do an amount of work which, on a common road, would require the strength of four hundred. 'Iron railways were, in consequence, quickly introduced into all the coal and mining districts of the kingdom. They were employed on canals in place of locks, to raise the barges on an inclined plane from a lower to a higher level; in some cases they were adopted in preference to the canal itself; and, on the whole, they began to form an important auxiliary to inland navigation, pushing the channels of trade and intercourse into districts otherwise inaccessible, and even into the interior of the mines.' Scarcely any two of these railways were alike in all particulars.

All this while horse-power continued to be the only motive force employed, except at those inclined planes already mentioned. Thus horses and steam-engines shared the work between them. The idea of uniting the two into one, so as to produce a locomotive steam-engine, or a steam-horse, was a more recent one. Watt had, indeed, in one of his patents, dated 1784, suggested a plan for imparting to the steam-engine the animal's faculty of locomotion; but it was not till 1802 that experiments with a view to the construction of an efficient locomotive engine were commenced. The first locomotives put upon trial were those of the engineers Messrs Trevithick and Vivian. The objection to them was, that there was not sufficient adhesion between the wheels and the rails, so that, if the velocity were at all great, the former would revolve without advancing the vehicle. To remedy this inconvenience, various plans were devised, among which that of Mr Blenkinsop obtained the greatest celebrity. His plan consisted in making the rails notched, and the wheels with teeth, so that they continued to work in a rack all along the road. One of Mr Blenkinsop's engines of four-horses' power impelled a carriage lightly loaded at the rate of ten miles an hour; attached to thirty coal wagons, it went at one-third of that pace. Fortunately, however, it was soon discovered that the conclusion on which Mr Blenkinsop and others had been proceeding—namely, that the amount of adhesion was insufficient between a smooth wheel and a smooth rail—was a hasty one; and that, provided the road were tolerably level, the amount of adhesion between such a wheel and such a rail was quite sufficient to insure propulsion. Satisfied on this point, engineers devoted their attention more especially to the improvement of the locomotive itself. The difficulties of various kinds, however, which presented themselves were great; and the horses of England con-

tinued to flatter themselves that they would be able to retain the monopoly of locomotion; and that, although steam-engines might work well enough in chains at inclined planes, they should still have the run of the country.

Such was the state of matters about the year 1819-20, when Mr Gray appeared in the field: a great number of tramroads had been laid down in particular districts of the island, along which horses and stationary steam-engines were pulling wagons, while here and there a solitary locomotive snorted along, trying its powers. Locomotives *versus* horses, and railways *versus* turnpikes and canals—such was the question at issue. Mr Gray's merit consisted not in effecting actual improvements of construction in either locomotives or railways—that was the work of Stephenson, and other eminent engineers—but in stating the question to the country, in foreseeing the issue, and in boldly imagining the time when the whole island should be covered with a network of these tramroads, when locomotives should scamper through the country as plentiful as horses, and when canals, stage-coaches, and turnpike trusts, should be all swamped in a general iron railway. Glimmerings of this idea may have appeared before in other minds. 'You must be making handsomely out with your canals,' said some one to the celebrated canal-making Duke of Bridgewater. 'Oh yes,' grumbled he in reply, 'they will last my time; but I don't like the look of these tramroads; there's mischief in them.' What the shrewd duke foresaw, others also may have casually anticipated; but Mr Gray was the first man to realise the whole extent of the change, and to advocate it; and although this change would doubtless have effected itself in any case, yet the first man who conceived it, and called the attention of the nation to the subject, deserves distinction. To say that the change would have effected itself, is merely to say that if Mr Gray's mind had not conceived it so fast, five or six other minds would have conceived it more slowly.

A circumstance which favoured Mr Gray's proposal was, that about the time it was first made, or a little later, rails began to be formed of malleable instead of cast iron; the malleable possessing two decided advantages for the purpose over the cast—first, in being less apt to break; and second, in being capable of being made in greater lengths of bar.

Mr Gray, in his volume, dashes at once into the midst of his subject; and his readers twenty-six years ago must have been much surprised by such passages as the following:—'The plan,' he says, 'might be commenced between the towns of Manchester and Liverpool, where a trial could soon be made, as the distance is not very great; and the commercial part of England would thereby be better able to appreciate its many excellent properties, and prove its efficacy. All the great trading towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire would then eagerly embrace the opportunity to secure so commodious and easy a conveyance, and cause branch railways to be laid down in every possible direction. The convenience and economy in the carriage of the raw material to the numerous manufactories established in these counties, the expeditious and cheap delivery of piece goods bought by the merchants every week at the various markets, and the despatch in forwarding bales and packages to the outposts, cannot fail to strike the merchant and manufacturer as points of the first importance. Nothing, for example, would be so likely to raise the ports of Hull, Liverpool, and Bristol to an unprecedented pitch of prosperity, as the establishment of railways to these ports, thereby rendering the communication from the east to the west seas, and all intermediate places, rapid, cheap, and effectual. Any one at all conversant with commerce must feel the vast importance of such an undertaking in forwarding the produce of America, Brazil, the East and West Indies, &c. from Liverpool and Bristol *via* Hull, to the opposite shores of Germany and Holland; and, *vice versa*, the produce of the Baltic *via* Hull, to Liverpool and Bristol.'

Again—'By the establishment of morning and evening mail steam-carriages, the commercial interest would derive considerable advantage; the inland mails might be forwarded with greater despatch, and the letters delivered much earlier than by the extra post; the opportunities of correspondence between London and all mercantile places would be much improved, and the rate of postage might be generally diminished without injuring the receipts of the post-office, because any deficiency occasioned by a reduction in the postage would be made good by the increased number of journeys which mail steam-carriages might make. The London and Edinburgh mail steam-carriages might take all the mails and parcels on the line of road between these two cities, which would exceedingly reduce the expense occasioned by mail-coaches on the present footing. The ordinary stage-coaches, caravans, or wagons, running any considerable distance along the main railway, might also be conducted on peculiarly favourable terms to the public; for instance, one steam-engine of superior power would enable its proprietors to convey several coaches, caravans, or wagons, linked together, until they arrive at their respective branches, where other engines might proceed on with them to their destination. By a due regulation of the departure and arrival of coaches, caravans, and wagons, along these branches, the whole communication throughout the country would be so simple and so complete, as to enable every individual to partake of the various productions of particular situations, and to enjoy, at a moderate expense, every improvement introduced into society. Steam-engines would answer all the purposes required by the general intercourse and commerce of this country, and clearly prove that the expenses caused by the continual relays of horses are totally unnecessary. The great economy of such a measure must be obvious to every one, seeing that, instead of each coach changing horses between London and Edinburgh, say twenty-five times, requiring a hundred horses, besides the supernumerary ones kept at every stage in case of accidents, the whole journey of several coaches would be performed with the simple expense of one steam-engine. No animal strength will be able to give that uniform and regular acceleration to our commercial intercourse which may be accomplished by railways; however great the animal speed, there cannot be a doubt that it would be considerably surpassed by mail steam-carriages, and that the expense would be infinitely less. The exorbitant charge now made for small parcels prevents that natural intercourse of friendship between families residing in different parts of the kingdom, in the same manner as the heavy postage of letters prevents free communication, and consequently diminishes very considerably the consumption of paper which would take place under a less burdensome taxation.'

Such passages as the foregoing must have surprised the public very much twenty-six years ago; the following, if we are not mistaken, will have sufficient novelty even for readers of the present time:—'The present system of conveyance,' says Mr Gray, 'affords but tolerable accommodation to farmers, and the common way in which they attend markets must always confine them within very limited distances. It is, however, expected that the railway will present a suitable conveyance for attending market-towns thirty or forty miles off, as also for forwarding considerable supplies of grain, hay, straw, vegetables, and every description of live-stock to the metropolis at a very easy expense, and with the greatest celerity, from all parts of the kingdom.'

It was not until after four or five years of agitation, and several editions of Mr Gray's work had been published and successively commented upon by many newspapers, that commercial men were roused to give the proposed scheme its first great trial on the road between Liverpool and Manchester. The success of that experiment, insured by the engineering skill of Stephenson, was the signal for all that has since been

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done both in this island and in other parts of the world. Unfortunately, the public has been too busy these many years in making railways to inquire to whom it owes its gratitude for having first expounded and advocated their claims; and probably there are few men now living who have served the public as effectually, with so little return in the way of thanks or applause, as Mr Thomas Gray, the proposer in 1820 of a general system of transit by railways.

THE OLD BABOO.

THE change which is now taking place in native Indian society, is one of the most remarkable circumstances of this remarkable age. The 'permanent' form of civilisation has ceased, the stereotype is broken, and the Hindoo mind is being cast anew in a form which, if not yet European, is far from being Asiatic. Under such circumstances, a portrait of 'the fine old Hindoo gentleman, all of the olden time,' is a relic worth preserving; and the following we have rescued from a Calcutta paper ('The Harkuru'), where it was buried some years ago in the mass of daily incidents.

The Hindoos of Calcutta are in a transition state. The dark ages are represented by sundry old men, deeply imbued with the obstinacy and credulity which have hitherto so remarkably characterised the race. They are of the *ancien régime*, and cling to old customs and superstitions with a tenacity which only death can loosen. But in the course of nature, death is daily thinning their ranks. In a few years the class will be extinct; and they will be succeeded by a body of men among whom the knowledge, the refinement, the virtues, and, alas! the vices of the Christian will flourish and abound. It may not be amiss, then, ere the last of the Old Baboos has been laid upon his pile of sandal-wood at Neemtollah Ghant, to strike off a sketch of what at no distant period must be an extinct class.

Nilcomul Bysack, a fair average specimen of the class of men under notice, is one on whom sixty years or thereabout have done their best and their worst. He is of a middle stature, and displays a due degree of that rotundity which men of his race covet as the surest evidence of wealth and consequent respectability. In complexion he is of a hue which may be best represented by our admixture of yellow ochre and burnt saffron.

The expression of his countenance is altogether that of a steady, stolid, easy-going old man; free from all passions or feelings that might interfere with the unswerving and untiring pursuit of wealth. His eyes, though dim and watery, have a look both inquisitive and acquisitive, which is increased in intensity by the use of a pair of the commonest iron-mounted spectacles.

The costume of Nilcomul Bysack, the man of many laces, is identical in fashion and quality with that of the humblest running sircar in Calcutta. It is, in truth, a fac-simile (save only in size) of that in which he appeared when he was himself a poor running sircar, in which capacity he commenced his prosperous career. He wears a large white muslin turban, the folding and arrangement of which evince little of that fastidious care which younger Hindoos usually bestow upon this most distinctive and characteristic portion of their attire. His arms, and all the upper portion of his frame, are enclosed in an ill-fitting white muslin jacket with wide sleeves, and tied with tape points on the right breast. This is met at the waist by that seemingly very inconvenient, and certainly not very decorous, garment the *dhotee*, with its catarract of plaits falling in front down to the common yellow slippers into which he thrusts his otherwise bare feet. A *chudder*, used sometimes as a cummerbund, or girdle, sometimes as a scarf, completes his attire. He is too strict an adherent to the fashions of his ancestors to assume the white muslin surcoat, now so common among the higher classes of his countrymen; and which, when worn over the costume just described, renders it one of the most graceful, as well as most decent, that could be contrived.

Such is Baboo Nilcomul Bysack, as he may be seen any day sliding along street or office, with an old cotton umbrella under his arm; or squatted cross-legged in his little Bengalee palkee, with the hookah and lotah hanging behind it, and borne along the road by four Bengalee bearers. His dress and equipage certainly do not betray the man of wealth and substance. But as all is not gold that glitters,

so, on the other hand, there may be gold without the glitter, and thus it is in the case before us.

Our Old Baboo, as has been already intimated, began his career in the capacity of a running sircar. He was one of the many sons of a poor man; and consequently had to create his own capital, or go without it. His first experiment for that purpose was as follows:—One lucky day, as he was plodding along the Strand, he saw some boatmen engaged in hauling from the water some fathoms of a coir cable, which they had found floating down the river. Nilcomul discovered that a ready-money purchaser of their prize would be likely to make a good bargain with the fortunate finders; and as he happened just to have received his monthly talab of ten sicca rupees, he felt an irrepressible desire to invest a portion of it as a speculation in the article before him. The boatmen asked eight rupees, Nilcomul offered four; and after less than the usual quantity of chaffering, in which the Bengalee so much delights, the rope became his for five. Another rupee judiciously applied, induced the police authorities on the spot to waive their claims of jetsam and flotsam; and a few annas more secured its conveyance to the quadrangle of Nilcomul's or rather his father's house. There, at the expense of a few more annas, it was reduced to the state of oakum, and afterwards sold so as to yield its proprietor a clear net profit of five rupees on the adventure.

The success of this, his first commercial transaction, inspired Nilcomul with a desire to engage in more extended operations, and at the same time supplied him with the means of indulging his longing. So, as money, when properly cultivated, produces money, Nilcomul went on sowing his small capital, and reaping his small profits, until both capital and profits became large. And thus, within four years from the buying of the coir cable, he was able to lend a trifle of five thousand rupees or so, at an aggregate interest of about twenty per cent. per annum. Since then, he has gone on quietly increasing his wealth; chiefly by what strait-laced moralists call usury, and for which they are disposed to condemn him accordingly. But Nilcomul easily reconciles his conscience to the receipt of the most exorbitant interest to which want can make a borrower submit, by the irrefutable argument, 'Suppose master willing to give—what for I shall not take.'

Nilcomul has been a money-lender ever since he had capital to lend. He has been no wild speculator, risking his idolised rupees on the state of foreign markets and the faith of foreign merchants. He once, and once only, made a shipment on his own account. But from the moment he invested a portion of his funds in saltpetre, till that in which he received his 'account sales,' he lived in tortures of suspense, for which the clear profit of one hundred and seven rupees, five annas, and nine pie, on the five thousand invested, scarcely compensated. Since that time, he has kept steadily to the safe and profitable occupation of lending money on the best of securities. Mortgages of houses and land, with unexceptionable guarantees, Company's paper, jewels, or even the note-of-hand of a responsible man, are things which may console even a miser for a temporary separation from a portion of his money, especially when well assured that it will in due time return to him with increase. By such safe and profitable dealings, and by rigid economy in the management of his funds, Nilcomul Bysack has become a rich man. The exact amount of his wealth it is of course impossible to state, but as it is generally said to be ten lacs, we may, according to the rule in such cases, safely suppose it about five, or £50,000.

Deep in those recesses of the Black Town, where a white face is a thing to scare children with, stands the mansion of that branch of the Bysack family of which Nilcomul is the head. It is of the kind of which there are so many specimens in those regions. Outwardly, a square donjon-keep-like erection of dark-red brick, with a turret at one corner; inwardly, it exhibits two or three tiers of wooden galleries surrounding an open triangular court. It is like most Hindoo family mansions—populous as a rabbit warren. As but a portion of its inhabitants, we may reckon up the Baboo and his wife, his five sons and their five wives, his three daughters and their three husbands; with a matter of about twenty grandchildren. Over this community Nilcomul reigns with patriarchal sway. At his expense all its members live. Other and larger communities have to support their rulers, but here the case is reversed.

Nilcomul generally begins the day by acting as caterer for the household which subsists at his cost. With the co-adjutary of the old lady his wife, he forms a Commit-

tee of Supply, in which it is determined what provisions are required for the consumption of the day. He then summons Buloram his servant to attend him with basket and bag, and attired in soiled dhootie and chudder, and thrusting his toes into his oldest slippers, he sallies forth. On his way to the bazaar, he makes a point of inquiring at the shops he passes the current prices of oil, ghee, spices, &c. This is not from idle curiosity. He thereby secures himself against the possibility of being cheated by his servant, to whom he is obliged to intrust the purchase of such articles.

Fish, the only kind of animal food which the laws of caste allow to the Byasacks, is that to the purchase of which he first devotes his energies. Those gigantic shrimps called chingree, being at once palatable, satisfying, and cheap, find great favour in the eyes of the economical Baboo, and of them he lays in a plentiful supply. But this is not done without much of that bargaining, the excitement of which is so pleasant to purchaser and seller. Fishwomen are fishwomen all the world over, and the piscatory ladies of Lalla Baboo's Bazaar are not a whit inferior to their sisters of Billingsgate in any of those oratorical excellences for which the latter are so famous. The language of the muchee bazaar is only that of Billingsgate translated into Bengalee. Nilcomul is well known to the neroids of the fishmarket, and on his approach, is greeted with some playful badinage, which he takes in very good part, knowing that he will have none the worse bargain for keeping them in good-humour.

Having satisfactorily invested part of his funds in fish, Nilcomul seeks the dealer in fruit and vegetables—articles which figure largely in a Hindoo bill of fare. Here he lays in a stock of pulwi, of potatoes (which, though of foreign introduction, have found great favour in the mouths of the Hindoos), of brinjals, and of green plantains, both of which are temptingly cheap. Then he lays out two or three pice on such greens as help to fill up his basket most effectually. His last visit is to the confectioner, for there would be sour looks at home should he return without a sufficient supply of sweetsmeats. His marketing being now finished, he returns quietly triumphing in his success in what is to him a pleasant occupation. Of course on the way he forgets not to keep an eye on Buloram, who might otherwise be tempted to peek at the jelabees which lie so invitingly on the top of the basket.

Having seen his purchases safe under charge of his thrifty helpermate, Nilcomul sets forth on his pilgrimage to the river side. There having duly bathed, he employs himself for an hour or so in the repetition of munters, and the performance of the various motions and gesticulations which constitute so large a part of Hindoo devotion. Then having duly striped the bridge of his nose with the yellow pigment proper for the purpose, he returns home, diligently counting hurrimans on his beads to the extent of some thousands. His devotions do not conclude immediately on his arrival at home, but he continues to perform the various poojahs which are enjoined to Hindoo piety with the most scrupulous care. He fears that, were he to omit one, the dereliction would probably be punished by want of success in his affairs during the day.

Meantime the Brahmin cook has been preparing breakfast. This is not a social meal: Nilcomul takes his alone; his wife reverently sitting opposite him while he breakfasts, and entertaining him with reports and remarks on household affairs, and the discussion of plans and projects for the current day.

Breakfast being disposed of, the Old Baboo masticates a beetul; indulges in a nap, for which his early labours have well qualified him; and rising about eleven o'clock, gets into his old palkee, and is borne into the commercial regions of the city.

On returning home in the evening, as he does between four and five o'clock, Nilcomul's first care is to wash off the pollution which he has suffered by contact with the Feringhees and their money. After this, instead of going, as many of his newfangled compatriots do, to display himself and a smart equipage on the Strand, he piously resorts to the neighbouring Thakoorbarree, of which he is a liberal patron, and spends an hour or more in devotion.

Now comes the period of enjoyment for the Old Baboo. His religious exercises being disposed of, he establishes himself in his *boitakhana*, or sitting-room, and prepares to receive company. The apartment is a somewhat confined one on the ground-floor. It is furnished with a *tukit* *posh* (a platform something like the *dais* of old), over which is

spread a *sutrinjee*, and about which are scattered eight or ten large pillows. The room is lit by two or three dim lamps in old-fashioned wall shades; and is adorned with pictorial representation of the incarnations of Vishnu. Seating himself, in an easy dishabille, on the platform, Nilcomul, in the full enjoyment of *otium cum dignitate*, welcomes his favoured guests as they drop in one after another 'quite promiscuously.' There is Gosainjee the spiritual adviser; and Buttacharjee the family priest, and others, Brahmins and Bustams, steady old-fashioned people like himself. Their conversation partakes in a great measure of a religious character. They bewail the heresy and corruption of the rising generation, and comfort and encourage each other in their adherence to the doctrines and customs of their ancestors, which must be good because they are so old. Amongst other things, Nilcomul expresses his regret that he had been so far left to himself as to allow some of his boys to attend the Hindoo college. He had, indeed, withdrawn them when he found they were acquiring infidel notions; but it was too late, the poison had begun to operate! His friends shut their eyes and shake their heads and condole with him; and he finds consolation in their pity. Meantime the hookah, their sole refreshment, has been rapidly circulating, and aiding by its gentle inspiration their sober converse. At an early hour the friends retire, and then, and not till then, Nilcomul takes his solitary supper. As at breakfast, so now, the old woman attends him to see his wants supplied, and to furnish him with a report of all that has passed during the day, the quarrels of the young women, the combats and insolence of the children.

Such is the dull routine of the private life of the Old Baboo, varied only by an occasional visit to some favourite suburban temple, and the one never-to-be-forgotten pilgrimage to Juggernaut, in which he was accompanied by his whole family.

SWIFT'S ILLNESS AND HIS REMAINS.

DUBLIN possesses a most respectable medical periodical of the first class, conducted by a clever young native surgeon, Mr Wilde. The numbers for May and August contain an elaborate paper by the editor, in which the ailments of Swift are for the first time (as appears) distinctly ascertained. There has been much mystery on this subject among the biographers of the famous Dean of St Patrick's; his character even has suffered a little from the obscurity. Having, with great pains traced the symptoms and treatment through fifty-five years of correspondence, and drawn important illustrations from the appearances presented by the cranium when exhumed in 1835, Mr Wilde finally brings his professional knowledge to bear on the subject, which he seems to have thoroughly exhausted. Swift had no hereditary tendency to nervous disease, as has been surmised, and almost alleged. He contracted a giddiness in his twenty-seventh year, in consequence of eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond. Not long after, he contracted a deafness, from sitting on a damp seat. These were ailments, says Mr Wilde, not likely, when once established, to be easily removed from a system so nervous and irritable as Swift's. 'From this period a disease which in all its symptoms, and by its fatal termination, plainly appears to have been (in its commencement at least) cerebral congestion, set in, and exhibited itself in well-marked periodical attacks, which, year after year, increased in intensity and duration.' The brain which produced Lilliput, and bothered the Whigs, under congestion all the time!

'In early life,' says our author, 'he was of remarkably active habits, and always exceedingly sober and temperate, if we except the instance of gluttony already related. From the date of his first attack, he seems to have had a presentiment of its fatal termination; and the dread of some head affection (as may be gleaned from innumerable passages in his writings) seems to have haunted him ever afterwards, producing those fits of melancholy and despondency to which it is well known he was subject; while the many disappointments and vexations, both of a domestic and public nature, which he subsequently suffered, no doubt tended

to hasten the very end he feared.' Swift, however, according to Mr Wilde, never was at any time of his life, not even at its close, 'what is usually termed and understood as mad;' a point in our literary biography which will be acknowledged to be of no small importance.

The unfortunate wit was of course never out of the hands of the doctors. At all times, some particular portion or peculiarity of the human frame is in vogue amongst the faculty as the seat of disease. In Swift's days it was the stomach. He was therefore treated for the stomach for some half century, while all the time disease was going on in his brain. One of their medicines will excite a smile now-a-days—brandy. He was enjoined to drink this liquor in considerable quantities, till experience showed that it only made his case worse, and he resumed his usual habits of temperance. He wrote thus of physicians in 1737:—"I have esteemed many of them as learned and ingenious men, but I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions. Poor Dr Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case, but could not remedy it."

In latter life, the sufferings from his disease were dreadful. He speaks of having felt as in Phalaris's brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. Mr Wilde says—"That Swift was not, however, at any time, even during the most violent attacks, at all insensible, or in anyway deprived of his reasoning faculties, may be learned from the fact, that when Sergeant Bettesworth threatened his life, and thirty of the nobility and gentry of the Liberty of St Patrick's waited upon him, and presented him with an address, engaging to defend his person and fortune, &c. it is related by the most veritable of his biographers, that "when this paper was delivered, Swift was in bed, giddy and deaf, having been some time before seized with one of his fits; but he dictated an answer in which there is all the dignity of habitual pre-eminence, and all the resignation of humble piety."

'So desponding was the dean at times, and so great was his fear of the loss either of his memory or his reason, that he used to say, on parting with an intimate friend in the evening—"Well, God bless you! Good night to you; but I hope I shall never see you again." "In this manner," says Mr Deane Swift, "he would frequently express the desire he had to get rid of the world, after a day spent in cheerfulness, without any provocation from anger, melancholy, or disappointment." Upon the occasion of a large pier-glass falling accidentally on the very part of the room in which he had been standing a moment before, and being congratulated by a bystander on his providential escape—"I am sorry for it," answered the dean: I wish the glass had fallen upon me!" Lord Orrery mentions that he had "often heard him lament the state of childhood and idiotism to which some of the greatest men of this nation were reduced before their death. He mentioned, as examples within his own time, the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Somers; and when he cited these melancholy instances, it was always with a heavy sigh, and with gestures that showed great uneasiness, as if he felt an impulse of what was to happen to him before he died."

Mr Wilde adduces many passages from the writings of the friends immediately around Swift, to show that he only manifested loss of memory, and other symptoms of decay of mind, but nothing like fatuity or fury. One friend says of him the year before his death, that he had never yet talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing. Guardians seem to have been appointed for him, merely because of the infirmities above-mentioned. He at length died in his own house, October 19, 1745, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His head was dissected; but all we know of the results is confined to the fact, that water was found on the brain.

Ninety years after the death of this bright genius, some repairs being then in course of being made in St

Patrick's Cathedral, the remains of Swift and his wife Stella were exhumed, and subjected to examination. The bones of Swift lay in the position into which they had fallen, when deprived of the flesh which enveloped and held them together. The skull, cut as it had been left by his own surgeons, was found entire. It was eagerly taken possession of, with a view to its being examined phrenologically, and for some days it circulated through the coteries of Dublin. 'The university,' says Mr Wilde, 'where he had so often toiled, again beheld him, but in another phase; the cathedral which heard his preaching—the chapter-house which echoed his sarcasm—the deanery which resounded with his sparkling wit, and where he gossiped with Sheridan and Delany—the lanes and alleys which knew his charity—the squares and streets where the people shouted his name in the days of his unexampled popularity—the mansions where he was the honoured and much-sought guest—perhaps the very rooms he often visited—were again occupied by the dust of Swift!'

The interior of the skull threw some light upon the mental condition of the great dean in his latter days. According to Dr Houston, 'the cerebral [inner] surface of the whole of the frontal region is evidently of a character indicating the presence, during lifetime, of diseased action in the subjacent membranes of the brain. The skull in this region is thickened, flattened, and unusually smooth and hard in some places, whilst it is thinned and roughened in others. The marks of the vessels on the bone exhibit, moreover, a very unusual appearance; they look more like the imprints of vessels which had been generated *de novo*, in connection with some diseased action, than as the original arborescent trunks.' Mr Wilde expresses his opinion that the appearances showed 'a long-continued excess of vascular action, such as would attend cerebral congestion.'

Much detail of an interesting kind is given in the paper of Mr Wilde; but for this we must refer to the journal in which it appears. The whole is eminently curious, as tracing material conditions which must have entered largely into the character of one of the most remarkable men of his century. Who can say how much of the politics of Swift—how much of his satiric and indignant writings—took their first rise in a surfeit of pippins?

SUPPRESSION OF CANTEENS.

IN the following observations from the 'Times,' on the suppression of canteens (barrack taverns), our readers, we feel assured, will cordially join:—

'We have seen with great satisfaction an announcement of the intention of government to prohibit for the future the sale of intoxicating liquors in the canteen. If this regulation should be carried out, it will be found one of the best that ever was adopted for preserving the character and contributing to the happiness of the British soldier. Hitherto, the canteen has offered him ready opportunities for contracting habits of dissipation and idleness, which, indeed, he must have found it very difficult to avoid; for, being isolated from worthier means of occupying his leisure, drinking became almost of necessity his only resource. It argues a long and culpable indifference to the respectability and comfort of the lower ranks of the army, that they should have been until now abandoned to such a debasing employment of their time, when off duty, as a tap-room could afford. No care was taken to supply them with any better indulgence than that of ministering to a ruinous propensity, which proverbially brings every description of vice, as well as the utmost misery, in its train. By the regulations heretofore existing, the privilege of tempting the soldier to turn drunkard is a matter of contract between the government and the keeper of the canteen, who, having purchased his right, felt himself at full liberty to make the most he could of it. The sale of intoxicating liquors was of course the most profitable part of the trade, for a habit of drinking is rapidly acquired, and when once it seizes its victim, it speedily absorbs all his means. Thus the soldier was encouraged in a vice which was sure to transfer every farthing he possessed to the pockets of those by whom the materials for gratifying his degrading propensity were sup-

plied. We think the government will have acted most properly in prohibiting altogether the sale of intoxicating liquors; for any regulations that might be prescribed, in order to allow it under certain conditions, would almost certainly be abused.

We hope that, in the place of canteens, government will furnish soldiers in barracks with general meeting-rooms, where they could pass their leisure hours in reading or harmless recreation. Those who entertain the most sincere horror of war, will not be opposed to anything likely to improve the habits of soldiers.

TOBACCO.

Tobacco plays a more important part in this country as to the habits of the people. However used—whether smoked, chewed, or used as snuff—its action on the system is but little different. It is essentially a narcotic; and as such, it is detrimental to the power and healthiness of the nervous system—as such, it stimulates at the expense of subsequent depression and eventual loss of tone—as such, it interferes with the functions of assimilation and expenditure—and as such, is injurious to the health of the system. Tobacco exerts more marked and injurious effects when chewed, less of these when smoked, and is least deleterious when used in the form of snuff. This is only, however, a question of degree; and in the temperate climates, the use of tobacco in any way can only be justifiable when, from poverty of diet, and consequent vital depression, the effects of a habitually-used narcotic may not be undesirable.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Cruelty to dumb animals is one of the distinguishing vices of the lowest and basest of the people. Wherever it is found, it is a certain mark of ignorance and meanness; an intrinsic mark, which all the external advantages of wealth, splendour, and nobility cannot obliterate. It will consist neither with true learning nor true civility; and religion disclaims and detests it as an insult upon the majesty and the goodness of God, who, having made the instincts of brute beasts minister to the improvement of the mind, as well as to the convenience of the body, hath furnished us with a motive to mercy and compassion toward them very strong and powerful, but too refined to have any influence on the illiterate or irreligious.—*Jones of Nayland.*

OBEYING THE GREAT CHRISTIAN PRECEPT.

The golden rule of doing to others as we would be done by, would never have led us into such wastefulness and extravagance as what you have seen. If we in the town and country, landlords and tenants, employers and employed, had endeavoured to make the material, moral, and spiritual condition of our neighbours as healthy as we would wish our own to be, we should have found our reward literally here upon earth. I have shown you the costliness of neglect; but in this, as in all other cases, we shall be deceived and led astray if we begin in a wrong spirit. If we seek merely that which is expedient, no foresight and calculation will be sufficient to guard us against error. Shrewd calculators enough there have been at Liverpool, but all their shrewdness and calculation has not prevented the waste of hundreds of thousands on ill health. Had one half of that energy and thought been devoted to their duty to their neighbour by that wealthy community, how much richer would they have been! 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'—*A Lecture on the Unhealthiness of Towns, &c. by Viscount Ebrington, M.P.*

RESTORATION OF SOUR MILK OR CREAM.

We are informed by a correspondent that milk or cream, when it has turned sour, may be restored to its original sweetness by means of a small quantity of carbonate of magnesia. When the acidity is slight, half a teaspoonful of the powder to a pint of milk will be sufficient.

VALUE OF HUMILITY.

When the two goats, on a narrow bridge, met over a deep stream, was not he the wiser that lay down for the other to pass over him, than he that would rather hazard both their lives by contending? He preserved himself from danger, and made the other become debtor to him for his safety. I will never think myself disparaged either by preserving peace or doing good.—*Feltham.*

TO MY DAUGHTER LILY.

BY G. COOKE, AN AMERICAN POET.

Six changeful years are gone, Lily,
Since you were born to be
A darling to your mother good,
A happiness to me.
A little, shivering, feeble thing
You were, to touch and view,
But we could see a promise in
Your baby eyes of blue.
You fastened on our hearts, Lily,
As day by day wore by,
And beauty grew upon your cheeks,
And deepened in your eye;
A year made dimples in your cheeks,
And plumped your little feet;
And you had learned some merry ways,
Which we thought very sweet.
And when the first sweet word, Lily,
Your wee mouth learned to say,
Your mother kissed it fifty times,
And marked the famous day.
I know not, even now, my dear,
If it were quite a word,
But your proud mother surely knew,
For she the sound had heard.
When you were four years old, Lily,
You were my little friend,
And we had walks and nightly plays,
And talks without an end.
You little ones are sometimes wise,
For you are undeluded;
A grave grown man will start to hear
The strange words of a child.
When care pressed on our house, Lily—
Pressed with an iron hand—
I hated mankind for the wrong
Which festered in the land;
But when I read your young, frank face,
Its meaning sweet and good,
My charities grew clear again—
I felt my brotherhood.
And sometimes it would be, Lily,
My faith in God grew cold—
For I saw virtue go in rags,
And vice in cloth of gold;
But in your innocence, my child,
And in your mother's love,
I learnt those lessons of the heart
Which fasten it above.
At last our cares are gone, Lily,
And peace is back again,
As you have seen the sun shine out
After the gloomy rain;
In the good land where we were born
We may be happy still;
A life of love will bless our home—
The house upon the hill.
Thanks to your gentle face, Lily!
Its innocence was strong
To keep me constant to the right
When tempted by the wrong.
The little ones were dear to him
Who died upon the Rood—
I asked his gentle care for you,
And for your mother good.

THE FEMALE TEMPER.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words, and looks characterise the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty; and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

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